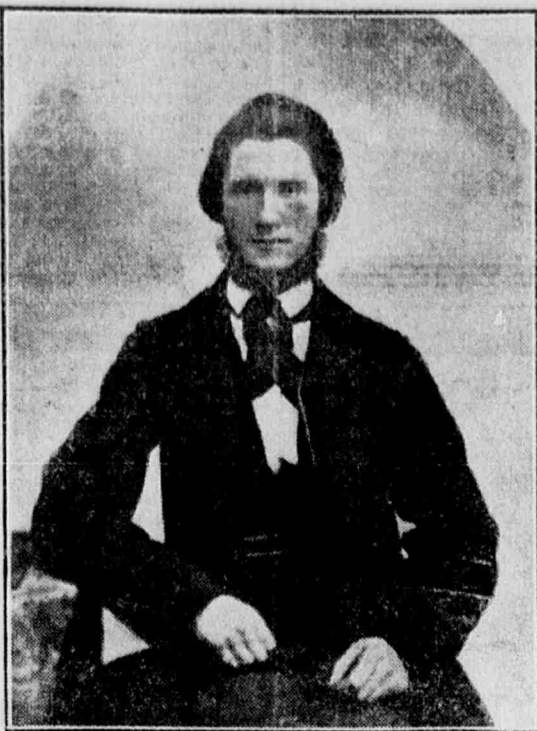


LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



C. W. PENROSE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Few persons who see the above reproduction of an old time Daguerrotype will recognize the picture of one of Utah's most prominent men. The picture was taken more than fifty years ago in London, just what date, however, cannot be learned. It shows how Charles W. Penrose, a member of the quorum of apostles and now president of the European mission looked when quite a young man. Shortly after the Daguerrotype was made it came into the possession of a lady named W. K. who moved from England to Farmington, Utah. She gave the picture to Mrs. Annie Robinson a sister-in-law to Apostle Penrose and a few days ago the latter gave it to Ernest S. Penrose, eldest son of Pres. Penrose.

is a remarkably interesting mystery story. If the mission of such a story is to baffle and puzzle the curiosity of the reader, this story perfectly fulfills the definition. The reader's attention is seized with the opening chapter and never allowed to relax for an instant. Each chapter ends with a snappy climax that gives fresh zest to the chase. Meats are forgotten while that pursuit is on, and debate and climbing mercury, financial stringencies, the cook's temper, and other disagreeable things. It is better than a pipe dream, and even its after-effects are guaranteed cheerful. Moreover, "The Circular Staircase" is not of the regular variety of mystery yarns. It possesses elements of novelty. For one thing, the style in which it is written makes the mere reading an entertainment. It is bright, clear, reasonable, and good humor. When before have we found humor in a mystery story? "The Circular Staircase" is full of it. Just at the moment when the excitement is growing too tense, relief comes in a laugh. It is all pure pastime for the lucky reader. And then the characterization is as easy and unlabored as the humor. Miss Rachel Innes, the sardonic old spinster who tells the story, and who found the body of the man mysteriously murdered in her country home—this Miss Innes is a genuine achievement, a real creation. She is a detective, a decided difference. There is a dual love story to give the touch of sentiment to the plot, natural and not theatrical, romantic without being melodramatic, skillfully wound into the mystery, increasing the perplexities, yet serving to temper the grimness of crime. In method "The Circular Staircase" combines in new and irresistible proportions the two procedures hitherto followed separately by the mystery-spinners. For ingenious reasoning and subtle deduction it takes its place with the stories of Conan Doyle. For strange, unusual, baffling and grotesque, "The Circular Staircase" belongs worthily with the novels of Anna Katharine Green. And the combination puts it in a class by itself as the latest excitement so far recorded.—The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

MAGAZINES.

A note of power and originality is struck in the complete novel that leads the 224 pages of fiction in the September Popular Magazine. It is entitled "A Man and His Mate," and is by H. R. Durant, author of "Ambition," "Wallpops," etc. The story is replete with onrush and tense situations. A drug-crazed rich young New Yorker leaves a train in the heart of a western desert, steals a horse and dashes over the plain of alkali. This act sets in motion a thrilling drama of events for good and for evil. In a lighter vein and with delicious humor is a short story, "No Wedding Bells," by A. M. Chisholm.

A vast number of readers are always ready to welcome anything new from the pen of H. G. Wells, the famous author of "The Invisible Man," "The Time Machine," "The War of the Worlds," and other dashing imaginative works of fiction. The publishers of the Popular Magazine have procured the serial rights to this writer's latest novel, "Tono-Bungay." The first big installment appears in the September number. The Popular is enabled to run unusually large instalments owing to the complete novel that leads the 224 pages of fiction in the September Popular Magazine.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 17 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Aug. 24:

- MISCELLANEOUS.
- First census of the United States, heads of families: Rhode Island and South Carolina, 2 vols.
 - Hammarion—Mysterious Psychic Forces.
 - Hastings—Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, 2 vols. (reference.)
 - Hauptmann—Hannele.
 - Lindas—History of the Reformation in Germany.
 - North—Mother of California.
 - Palmer—Life of Alice Freeman, Palmer.
 - Pendleton—Alexander H. Stephens.
 - Sandbury—Photography.
 - Smith—Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament.
 - Velasquez—New Spanish reader.
- FICTION.
- Calsworthy—Villa Ruben.
 - Seton, Mrs.—Nimrod's Wife.
- CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
- Brooks—In Blue and White.
 - Kennedy—New World Fairy Book.

Countess of Warwick Figures In New Socialistic Novel

Special Correspondence. LONDON, Aug. 18.—Literary England is interested just now in a new "working-man poet." If a man has some attribute besides his poetical gift—if he is a gymnast, or a jockey, a policeman, or a pugilist then his poems are taken up and read with avidity. The new "laborer poet" is a common mechanic, "My first guide and companion was a general-hearted Oliver Goldsmith. I picked up on a second-hand bookstall a pocket edition of his poems and found him a loving and kindly master. After that, the laborer-poet studied Crabbe, Pope, Shelley, Keats, and finally Milton. The last named he regards as the greatest of the masters. Mr. Douglas has written lyrics, epics, narrative poems, and sonnets. It was mainly through Milton that he went in for sonnet writing, and he has produced more than 250 sonnets in his spare hours. Strangely enough, most of the literary critics—even the most

captious ones—regard him as more than "passable," and in some quarters he is hailed as the coming lyrical and sonneteer. The English laureate may have to look to this somewhat insubstantial laurel-crown. The fact that a "laborer-poet" is able to obtain a hearing at all speaks well for the democracy of letters in England.

HAD INSIDE INFORMATION. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett is being somewhat severely criticized for his recently published book entitled "Richard Langhorne, the Story of a Socialist." The author, it will be remembered, is an American. He married the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1881, it being stated at the time that the alliance was a purely platonic one and for the purpose of giving the young man a "career." Aside from his interesting personal history this book reveals a lot of autobiography hidden away in the slim disguise of a novel on social problems. Ashmead-Bartlett for many years managed a number of the charitable schemes of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and hence he obtained a personal experience which makes exceptionally good "copy" for the publisher. Aside from conducting an exhaustive study into the food supply of the poor of London, he organized the relief for Ireland in the famine time; and is thus in possession of much "inside" information. But even these things would not have raised Ashmead-Bartlett's "Richard Langhorne" above the commonplace had it not been for the curious sidelights which he throws on certain personalities of present day society. For instance, in one of his chapters he draws

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

The Things That Used To Be

Let me take a little homely and weave it for your sake Through some homely little verses which may possibly awake In some far-off little corner of your heart a memory Half-forgotten from the attic of The Things that Used To Be.

Oh, you blatant, sneering cynic, who go scoffing through the world With your selfish heart all calloused and your lip forever curled; Who who fondly flaunt at virtue and at innocence—come see What diversion we can find among The Things that Used To Be!

Here's a picture of your mother. Note the patient, wrinkled hand And the eyes that seem steadfastly looking to some better land; How her sweet faith held your childhood! and how all the long years through.

Tireless, patient, loving ever, she kept vigil over you! Not a day so long and weary, not a night so dark and cold, But she watched your present, praying that the future might unfold All the glory she had planned you! Put the picture down: for she Long has rested in the shadow of The Things that Used To Be.

Here's a little glove—pathetic in its quaint and ancient grace, Bringing up another picture of a modest fairy face— Your first sweetheart! Hark, I hear beneath the white, mysterious moon Your heart singing low a love-song in the tender month of June! On your arm a soft hand trembling, on your lips your sweetheart's kiss; Dare you look again and say there is no purity in this? But a low vain sadly rustles through the beaming maple-tree; Turn away! these, too, belong among The Things that Used To Be!

Here's an old and battered school-book. Mice and moths have scarred it sore, But it still recalls a picture that you saw when o'er and o'er You perused these crumpled pages in the golden days of youth, Searching for the key to glory and the royal road of truth, Life was not an empty chalice; on the maiden's forehead fair You gazed reverently—beholding but the star of virtue there! Poor, disfigured book! all sullied through—your heart's epitome!— Put it back upon the shelf among The Things that Used To Be!

Here's a picture of yourself when manhood's sun was rising high, Throwing bright ambition's baldrich in a glory o'er the sky; Hope had set her shining signals; and the only path you knew Was the highway leading upward to the innocent and true; Oh, poor empty-hearted cynic! Underneath your soulless sneer Lie the graves of dead ambitions and of hope; and oft I hear In your voice a note of longing for the things you sometimes see When the dream-time brings you visions of The Things that Used To Be.

Oh, poor outcast of sweet sympathy! as far away you grope, Sick of soul and dry of vision, on the borderland of hope, Tell me, then, what tender token you can leave with memory When you, too, pass out to mingle with The Things that Used To Be!

Lowell Otis Reese in Leslie's Weekly.

NOTES

The current centenary celebration of the founding of Quebec, with its emphasis upon peace and fraternity, brings the American mind in particular back to the dramatic struggle between French and English on the Plains of Abraham. The historians of France in America, notably Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, in the Harper's distinguished co-operative history, "The American Nation," declare that English occupation was inevitable. "It was in the nature of the case," writes this historian, "that the English tongue should triumph in North America over the French; that the battle was destined to be a battle of self-government should supplant centralization and absolutism; that the farmer should succeed the forest trader; and the policy of temporizing with savagery fall before the policy of subjugation." Yet the battle was vastly momentous, and in respect of the death of Wolfe and Montcalm, deeply memorable in its sentiment. All the heights and plains of Abraham alive after this tercentenary to be turned into a national park, forever dedicated to the people of the Dominion.

Frederic S. Isham, author of "The Lady of the Mount" and other novels who is now engaged in literary work in the far east, tells a few amusing incidents in connection with the effort to "Europeanize" Japan in the provinces of that country. When the law was enacted that the sexes should not bathe together, both the people and the bath-house proprietors did not understand; there was a fundamental error at the bottom of the whole thing. But the Japs had respect for the law and the proprietor unhesitatingly complied with the new order of things; but in a way essentially Japanese. He stretched a rope across the middle of his tank, and thereafter the men bathed on one side of the rope and the women on the other! Another instance of like character happened when the edict went forth that the women should not wear hats, but when they took off their clothes, and, innocent of any wrong-doing, so disposed themselves upon the sands.

Dr. John D. Quackenbos, author of "Hypnotic Therapeutics," the treatise on hypnotic healing which the Harpers published recently, is also well known as a lecturer, naturalist, and sportsman. He is a famous angler, and has written several essays on the brook and the lake Sunapee trout which have been widely read. Dr. Quackenbos is credited with having brought to the notice of ichthyologists the presence of a fourth trout in New England waters, viz., the Sunapee sabbling—a form of Alpine char not known to exist on the American continent until discovered in Lake Sunapee in 1885. Dr. Quackenbos has been instrumental in planting this valuable food fish in Lake George. His fish library contains many valuable and rare works.

One of the most brilliant pieces of

book by Mary Roberts Rinchard. This

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How to Cure Stomach Trouble

Use a Mild Certain Digestive Laxative for Immediate Relief.

If you have heartburn, sour stomach, waterbrash, indigestion, gas on your stomach, sick headache, or any of the above, just step into the drug store and buy a 50 cent bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and take it according to directions. You will be surprised to see how quickly the disagreeable symptoms will disappear. Your bowels will be restored to easy, natural movements, your stomach will digest the food you eat without distress, your sallow complexion will disappear and you will be restored to health quickly and safely.

W. D. Jackson, Burns Station, Tenn., says: "I had dyspepsia and constipation for nine years. I tried every medicine I ever heard of and consulted 50 or 60 physicians. I got no relief until I tried Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and it cured me. My mother used it and it cured her." Rev. A. J. Fletcher, Ruthledge, Tenn., is 80 years old. He suffered from stomach trouble for 40 years and it cured him. Fred Hobbs, Dixon, Ill., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of it as a stomach remedy. It is for sale by nearly all druggists at 50c and 25c per bottle. Please send me a sample of it." Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, 331 Caldwell Building, Monticello, Ill., will send a free sample to any one who has not used it and will give it a free trial.

a picture of a Lady Dryden, a famous society beauty, who "with a sacrifice sublime" in a simple, hand-woven gown her jewels to be sold in the cause of state socialism. Greatly to the surprise of a disenchanted world, the sale of these treasures only realized the paltry sum of 600 pounds. Of course, everyone in England at once recognizes this person as no other than the Countess of Warwick. The incident is too broad to allow of any concealment, as that noble lady took place in connection with Lady Warwick and her jewels not long ago. Just how far—or rather how near—an author should go in describing an incident of this kind, is a much-discussed topic just now in literary circles. It is well-known that Lady Warwick has become deeply interested in social problems. The "Lady Dryden" of the book possesses too much actuality and almost reads like a chapter from the life of Lady Warwick herself. In passing, it might be mentioned that Lady Warwick has considerable trouble in her family over her socialistic tendencies. It is said that she lost a big fortune over starting a daily socialistic newspaper, "The Majority," which ran only a few days and then mysteriously collapsed. The countess is said to have lost most of her personal fortune over this venture, and hence the "jewel sale" incident. It is said that the Earl of Warwick refused to give her more money to sink in "the cause," especially as the socialists are making a direct attack on the great landlords, and the earl owns 10,000 acres of land.

POE REVIVAL.

There has been quite a revival of Edgar Allan Poe in England recently. Several cheap editions of his works are on the bookstalls, and a recent critic alludes to him as one of the most "imaginative and cultivated artists," ranking with Stevenson and De Maupassant. Doubtless, the revival of Poe is due to the strongly developed public taste for short stories, and a Poesque character—tending to the weird. Several magazines have been lately started in London for the purpose of printing short stories only, and of you turn over the pages of these you find mostly "ghost stories," murder mysteries, and the "queer" side of existence. While there has always been a steady sale for the works of Poe in England, it is only within the last year or two that he has become what you might call a "popular" author among the generality of readers. Many critics of the higher-class literary weeklies regard Poe as the greatest master of short stories. America has produced, and one or two lavish unstinting praise on his poems. There are others—notably W. L. Courtney, the well known writer, who maintain that Poe produced no poetry worthy of the name, with the single exception of "The Raven." While not giving Poe credit for poetic genius of the highest quality Courtney greatly admires his wonderful faculty, such as "prevision," that is, being able to predict the plot of a novel by simply reading the first few chapters. It will be recalled that Poe foreshadowed in this way the entire plot of Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge," and filled Dickens with a species of awe at the accuracy of his surmise. The Poe revival in England speaks well for the new regime of correct literary taste.

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders of varying degrees of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this distressing ailment. Dr. J. C. Foley, of Foley's Kidney Cure, writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking 12 bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 80 years old." For sale by J. H. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

MEAN PAST SIXTY IN DANGER.

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders of varying degrees of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this distressing ailment. Dr. J. C. Foley, of Foley's Kidney Cure, writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking 12 bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 80 years old." For sale by J. H. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

RHEUMATIC FOLKS

Are You Sure Your Kidneys Are Well?

Many rheumatic attacks are due to uric acid in the blood. But the duty of the kidneys is to remove all uric acid from the blood. Its presence there shows the kidneys are inactive. Don't dally with "uric acid solvents." You might as well go on ill, dooming your system but until you cure your kidneys you will never get well. Doan's Kidney Pills not only remove uric acid, but cure the kidneys and then all danger from uric acid is ended. Here is a Salt Lake City testimony to prove it.

Mrs. A. D. McNichols, living at 325 West First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills were used in my family some five years ago and the result of their use was received. When we first started using them, one of my children was annoyed with a weakness of the kidney. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at F. J. Hill's drug store and they cured the trouble. About two years ago my son suffered an attack of rheumatism but he took Doan's Kidney Pills and they very soon toned up his system and ended that attack. I have also used them and think there is no better remedy on the market today. I have advised many people to try them and they have received satisfactory results from their use.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

For the Kidney, Liver and Bladder Gold Medal Genuine Tilly Hair-Ten Oil, made in Haddon, Holland. For sale by ZION'S CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTION, DRUG DEPARTMENT, 112-114 South Main St., Salt Lake City.

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\$5.25 Per Ton

50c extra if sacked and carried. Screened slack, especially for self-feeding heating stoves, \$4.25 net per ton. 50c extra if sacked and carried.

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